

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

By Request, here's  
your Pin-up Baby,  
A.B. MARSHALL

## Oldest Police (H.Q. Wapping) Get New Weapons

THE oldest police force in Britain may shortly have new "weapons." They will be welded steel boats instead of the wooden craft which have served the Thames Division of the Metropolitan Police so well for many years.

In the course of their duties, the police boats, especially at night, when it is very difficult to avoid, come into constant contact with heavy debris. It is hoped that steel boats may be able to stand up to this better.

The new-type craft, which look very similar to those that have for so long been a feature of the River Thames, measure 30 feet from bow to stern, and eight feet across the beam, and are driven by Diesel engines.

Radio equipment aboard includes a transmitter, as well as a receiver, and each vessel will be equipped with a small searchlight.

This is quite an improvement upon the first boats that went into service with the Thames Division, for when formed in 1798, rowing boats were the only "weapons" they could use.

The Metropolitan Police, formed in 1829, although few people are aware of this fact, were born after the Thames Division—then known as the Marine Division—who had thoroughly established their claim as one of the most efficient services in the country, and when the Bow Street Run-

**River Thieves were plentiful as rats till in 1798, the Marine Police were formed to check their activities. Here is something of their story told by COLIN WELLS**

ners were still going about a hand.

Before the year 1798, goods to the value of half a million pounds were stolen from ships at Wapping, were formed. To and wharves along the River this day the H.Q. stands on the Thames. The Government, site of the very first "dynamo"

realising the growing danger of the River Police.

To lead the River Police, a to the docks when they heard man possessing a good knowledge of "easy pickings," did everything possible to reduce the mination, and the ability to get opportunities offered to the best out of those serving under him, was desired. The Government found just the right man in John Harriott, a well-known magistrate, who was put in charge.

The Judge, after carefully summing up the reports handed him by those who had been studying carefully the problem, went around Dockland enlisting the toughest law-abiding citizens he could find.

Every man was given definite instructions how to deal with the river thieves; given the opportunity to show his own ability as a police officer.

They were a great success. Within a year the Marine Police had reduced the pilfering and large-scale stealing by four-fifths, and the gangsters who fell into their hands were either hanged or transported.

To-day the River Police are known and respected by seamen from all parts of the world. They are ultra-efficient, know the peculiarities of the river and the folk who earn a living upon its broad stream.

**Over 200 radio-equipped launches, which has resulted in the Division being given the title "Thames Flying Squad," are in commission, and the duties they perform are many and varied. Some, until the end of the war, will have to remain secret.**

The public, who so often see these men in blue patrolling, little realise that they do many other things besides haul dead bodies from the river. The Thames Police have their own plain-clothes section.

During the blitz the police suffered heavily. They are proud of the fact that they are our oldest police force.



IF ever the words of the gen from back home? Your song "You're as pretty as brother-in-law, Bill, is still a picture applied to a baby, doing his bit at the war factory, despite the fact that he's seven months old daughter of Able-Seaman Marshall, whose home is at 10, Campbell-street, off Elswick-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mum—that is Betty's Mum—sends her love, and says that everytime anybody knocks on the door, she's hoping it will be you. So far, both Mum and Betty have been disappointed, but we know you'll be giving them a welcome surprise one of these fine days.

**And at long last, here is the photograph you have been waiting for, Able Seaman Marshall.**

When we first received your wife's address, you told us that Heather was four months old—but so many other submariners wrote in to "Good Morning" before you did, asking for pictures of their wives, sweethearts and children, that your baby had grown quite a bit by the time we knocked on the Campbell-street door.

We found Betty enjoying an afternoon off from her department store job at Binn's, the well-known Newcastle emporium.

Both Betty and Heather were in the pink, and while Betty says quite openly that she wishes you were back home again, Heather can't put it that way—yet. Judging from the gurgles and hand-waving though, we'd guess that her sentiments are just the same.

Now let me see, what's the far as her toys are concerned.

**Yes, lads—you've guessed it. That's "Scottie," the dog you made for Heather out of some unlucky guy's best pants. Remember?**

It doesn't much matter whether the guy didn't appreciate the gesture or not—baby Heather certainly does, and Scottie is No. 1 heart-throb as

The change has taken place vigour and idealisms of a because the studios are going nation that progressed under full steam ahead on a number of rural films, dealing wholly or

A case in point is "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," in which Edward G. Robinson is starred at Columbia. In the early part of the film, Edward G. portrays an average citizen, living in a town characteristic of thousands throughout the United States. And like so many of its citizens, the peace-loving

"Mr. Winkle" enters the Army, readjusts himself to the new conditions and ends up by having a sock at the Japs in the South Pacific. Not only is the small town depicted in "Mr. Winkle Goes to War" genuine, but its characters face the problems of to-day.

Frilious types in coming films are giving way to just plain working folks, who are as real and familiar as next-door neighbours. Not only will the United States, Great Britain, Latin American and other Allied Nations see "little people" on the screen as they actually are, but the European nations that are being freed by Allied Forces from the domination of the Axis, will be able to view and understand the men and women who are the backbone of democratic life.

The majority of these dramas are modern, but a few of them have historical backgrounds and will accent the growth,

## Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO



Basil Rathbone—from custard pie to villain.

A BATCH of German prisoners assembled on one of the Normandy beaches rubbed their eyes with amazement when they saw a party of neatly dressed girls riding on top of a Sherman tank. The girls were part of E.N.S.A.'s first invasion contingent to land in France, and during the progress of disembarking had temporarily become parted from their travelling coach.

The contingent, which includes George and Beryl Formby, consists of six parties comprising 34 artists. They received a rousing reception both at their port of embarkation and on board the American ship in which they gave a combined concert for the officers and crew and troops from a famous British unit.

E.N.S.A. has also shipped across mobile stages and workshops, day and sleeping coaches for the artists, cinema projectors and vans for broadcasting gramophone records. The three mobile columns of entertainment are completely self-supporting.

Scenes of enthusiasm and excitement marked the arrival of E.N.S.A.'s first invasion parties at their port of embarka-

tion. For several hours the convoy of E.N.S.A.'s vehicles was surrounded by a surging crowd of children and grown-ups collecting autographs or souvenirs from the artists.

George Formby has written, and is now singing, a topical song for the lads in Normandy called "Rolling into France."

He sang his new song for the first time on the way over. With his ukelele and a "Minnie" piano as accompaniment, and with Beryl holding him firmly round the waist as an anchor, he soon had the boys singing.

Rathbone has suddenly turned buffoon. He has exchanged, for the time being at least, the buskin for the clown's sock.

When the lean-jawed character actor learned he was scheduled for a role opposite Red Skelton in M.G.M.'s "Bathing Beauty" he groaned audibly.

"That does it!" he deplored, tossing up his hands. "Now I suppose they'll want me to bump off Red!"

Rathbone had reason for this gloomy observation. Manslaughter and mayhem had figured in almost every one of his characterisations since "David Copperfield." Even as Sherlock Holmes, that rigid upholder of justice in the end, Rathbone at times resorted to a pistol or cudgel. Not until he read the script of "Bathing Beauty" did his



FOR Rathbone, assuming the role of a frantic Broadway producer who invades a girls' school in a complicated search for his missing song writer, merely meant turning back the calendar some fifteen years. His film career, he remembers, was launched as a farceur.

"M.G.M. sent me to Hollywood in 1929 after I had courted my way through a stage comedy called 'The Command To Love.' I made my film debut as a drawing-room dandy opposite Norma Shearer in 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.' That seemed to work out all right, so I did a second farce with Ruth Chatterton. Then came 'David Copperfield.' That did it! From then on there was no time for comedy."

Until he appeared as the sadistic Murdstone in "David Copperfield," Rathbone had never tackled a heavy's role. By his own admission he "sweated out some anxious moments" before swapping his jester's garb for the villain's murky mantle.



THE silk and satin dresses that adorn the curves of Hollywood's glamorous actresses are being packed away, and motion-picture wardrobes in gingham and other inexpensive materials are emerging.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# Storm in a Tea Kettle

"Go on with your work," said the skipper, fondly stroking the maligned whiskers.

"Don't you talk to me, Jim Harris," said Mrs. Blossom, quivering with wrath. "Don't you give me none of your airs. Who borrowed five pounds from my poor dead husband just before he died, and never paid it back?"

"Go on with your work," repeated the skipper, with pale lips.

"Whose uncle Benjamin had three weeks?" demanded Mrs. Blossom darkly. "Whose uncle Joseph had to go abroad without stopping to pack up?"

The skipper made no reply, but the anxiety of the crew to have these vital problems solved was so manifest that he turned his back on the virago and went towards the mate, who at that moment dipped hurriedly to escape a wet dish-clout. The two men regarded each other, pale with anxiety.

"Now, you just move off,"

## Concluding COOK OF THE "GANNET"

By W. W. JACOBS

said Mrs. Blossom, shaking another clout at them. "I won't have you hanging about my galley. Keep to your own end of the ship."

The skipper drew himself up haughtily, but the effect was somewhat marred by one eye, which dwelt persistently on the clout, and after a short inward struggle he moved off, accompanied by the mate. Wellington himself would have been nonplussed by a wet End.

"She'll just have to have her own way till we get to Llanelli," said the indignant skipper, "and then I'll send her home by train and ship another cook. I knew she'd got a temper, but I didn't know it was like this. She's

the last woman that sets foot on my ship—that's all she's done for her sex."

In happy ignorance of her impending doom Mrs. Blossom went blithely about her duties, assisted by a crew whose admiration for her increased by leaps and bounds; and the only thing which ventured to interfere with her was a stiff Atlantic roll, which they encountered upon rounding the Land's

End. The first intimation Mrs. Blossom had of it was the falling of small utensils in the galley. After

she had picked them up and replaced them several times, she went out to investigate, and discovered that the schooner was dipping her bows to big green waves, and rolling, with much straining and creaking, from side to side. A fine spray, which broke over the bows and flew over the vessel, drove her back into the galley, which had suddenly developed an unaccountable stiffness;

but, though the crew to a man advised her to lie down and have a cup of tea, she repelled them with scorn, and with pale face and compressed lips stuck to her post.

**Two days later they made fast to the quay at Llanelli, and half-an-hour later the skipper called the mate down to the cabin, and, handing him some money, told him to pay the cook off and ship another. The mate declined.**

"You obey orders," said the skipper fiercely, "else you an' me'll quarrel."

"I've got a wife an' family," urged the mate.

"Pooh!" said the skipper.

"Rubbish!"

"And uncles," added the mate rebelliously.

"Very good," said the skipper, glaring. "We'll ship the other cook first and let him settle it. After all, I don't see why we should fight his battles for him."

The mate, being agreeable, went off at once; and when Mrs. Blossom, after a little shopping ashore, returned to the Gannet she found the galley in the possession of one of the fattest cooks that ever broke ship's biscuit.

"Hullo!" said she, realising the situation at a glance, "what are you doing here?"

"Cooking," said the other gruffly. Then, catching sight of his questioner, he smiled amorously and winked at her.

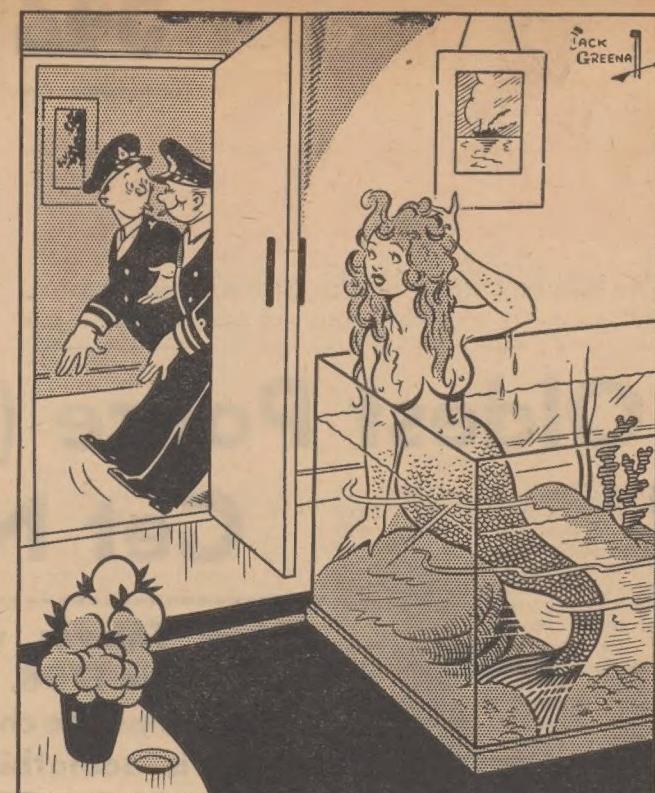
"Don't you wink at me," said Mrs. Blossom wrathfully.

"Come out of that galley."

"There's room for both," said the new cook persuasively. "Come in an' put your 'ed on my shoulder."

Utterly unprepared for this mode of attack, Mrs. Blossom lost her nerve, and, instead of storming the galley, as she had fully intended, drew back and retired to the cabin, where she found a short note from the skipper, enclosing her pay, and requesting her to take the train home. After reading this she went ashore again, returning presently with a big bundle, which she placed on the cabin table in front of Harris and the mate, who had just begun tea.

"I'm not going home by train," said she, opening the bundle, which contained a spirit of their manoeuvre.



"Maybe! But wait till you meet Doris, old man, she's different!"

kettle and provisions. "I'm going back with you; but I am not going to be beholden to you for anything—I'm going to board myself."

After this declaration she made herself tea and sat down. The meal proceeded in silence, though occasionally she astonished her companions by little mysterious laughs, which caused them slight uneasiness. As she made no hostile

demonstration, however, they became reassured, and congratulated themselves upon the success

"How long shall we be getting back to London, do you think?" inquired Mrs. Blossom at last.

"We shall probably sail Tuesday night, and it may be any time from six days upwards," answered the skipper. "If this wind holds it'll probably be upwards."

To his great concern Mrs. Blossom put her handkerchief over her face, and, shaking with suppressed laughter, rose

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. Tamin is a kind of leather, star in the Great Bear, kind of cloth, spice, African religion, oath?

2. What name is given to the natives of Ceylon?

3. What bird is sometimes called the Barley-bird?

4. The American Declaration of Independence was made on what date of what year?

5. Queen Victoria was proclaimed "Empress of India" single letter in Roman numerals; others are.

in: 1836, 1846, 1856, 1866, 1876, 1886?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Erg, Joule, Poundal, Ohm, Litre, Ampere, Volt.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 541

1. Fill up a hole.

2. Alfred the Great.

3. About 500.

4. By parading in the streets with the first umbrella, which aroused the hostility of the sedan-chair men.

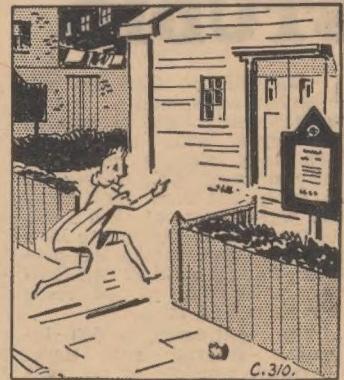
5. Great Titmouse.

6. 20 is not expressible by a single letter in Roman numerals; others are.

### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



# WANGLING WORDS—481

(Continued from Page 2)  
from the table and left the cabin.

The couple left eyed each other wonderingly.

"Did I say anything particular funny, George?" inquired the skipper, after some deliberation.

"Didn't strike me so," said the mate carelessly; "I expect she's thought of something else to say about your family. She wouldn't be so good-tempered as all that for nothing. I feel cur'ous to know what it is."

"If you paid more attention to your own business," said the skipper, his choler rising, "you'd get on better. A mate who was a good seaman wouldn't ha' let a cook go on like this—it's not discipline."

He went off in dudgeon, and a coolness sprang up between them, which lasted until the bustle of starting in the small hours of Wednesday morning.

Once under way the day passed uneventfully, the schooner crawling sluggishly down the coast of

Wales, and, when the skipper turned in that night, it was with the pleasant conviction that Mrs. Blossom had shot her last bolt, and, like a sensible woman, was going to accept her defeat. From this pleasing idea he was aroused suddenly by the watch stamping heavily on the deck overhead.

"What's up?" cried the skipper, darting up the companion-ladder, jostled by the mate.

"I dunno," said Bill, who was at the wheel, shakily. "Mrs. Blossom come up on deck a little while ago, and since then there's been three or four heavy splashes."

"She can't have gone overboard," said the skipper, in tones to which he manfully strove to impart a semblance of anxiety. "No, here she is. Anything wrong, Mrs. Blossom?"

"Not so far as I'm concerned," replied the lady, passing him and going below.

"You've been dreaming, Bill," said the skipper sharply.

"I ain't," said Bill stoutly. "I tell you I heard splashes. It's my belief she coaxed the cook up on deck, and then shoved him overboard. A woman could do anything with a man like that cook."

"I'll soon see," said the mate, and walking forward he put his head down the fore-scuttle and yelled for the cook.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a voice sleepily, while the other men started up in their bunks.

"Do you want me?"

"Bill thinks somebody has gone overboard," said the mate. "Are you all here?"

In answer to this the mystified men turned out all standing, and came on deck yawning and rubbing their eyes, while the mate explained the situation. Before he had finished the cook suddenly darted off to the galley, and the next moment the forlorn cry of a bereaved soul broke on their startled ears.

"What is it?" cried the mate.

"Come here!" shouted the cook, "look at this!"

He struck a match and held it aloft in his shaking fingers, was to try and borrow from a passenger and the man, who were working on deck, but the unseemly behaviour of the master of a brig, expected to see something ghastly, after staring hard for some time in vain, profanely requested him to be more explicit.

"She's thrown all the saucepans and things overboard," said the cook with desperate calmness. "This lid of a teakettle is all that's left for me to do the cooking in."

The Gannet, manned by seven famine-stricken misogynists, reached London six days later, the skipper obstinately refusing to put in at an intermediate port and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 480

1. StorY.

2. CARAMEL, BULLSEYE FUDGE, TOFFEE.

3. Eastbourne, Seaford, Southend, Bournemouth.

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fluff.
- 2 Clothed.
- 9 Emerald Isle.
- 11 Stick.
- 13 Reptile.
- 14 Narcotics.
- 15 Glasses.
- 17 First-class.
- 18 Kicked.
- 19 And so on.
- 21 Curve.
- 22 Additional.
- 24 Moisture.
- 26 Presently.
- 27 Supposing.
- 29 Small box.
- 32 Darker.
- 34 Attention call.
- 35 Vegetables.
- 36 Group of cattle.
- 37 Watched.
- 38 Uttered.

TAPER	FUMED
ELIXIR	PARE
ELK	BIG NIP
SUET	NUANCE
D	WAKEEN
BEFOG	STRAD
R	A NOTE C
ARCHER	GRUB
WOT	SAG EMU
LOOM	LADIES
STRAY	BONNY

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Obligation.
- 2 Gem.
- 3 Dealing with.
- 4 Scruff.
- 5 Disciplines.
- 6 Allow.
- 7 Region.
- 8 Want.
- 10 Itinerary.
- 12 Grievous.
- 14 Former.
- 16 Adorned.
- 20 Dressed.
- 21 Table game.
- 23 Derisive smile.
- 25 Wagon.
- 26 Melody.
- 28 Rage.
- 30 Headland.
- 31 Isle of Wight town.
- 33 Notice.
- 36 Shout.

## RUGGLES



## Stars Come Back

THEY do come back . . .

Hollywood, notoriously absent-minded when it comes to the glamour folk who have helped to carve its colourful history, from time to time remembers to call one of the old guard back into action.

From out of retirement emerges a silent movie personality to reign anew as a talkie favourite. But it's the film industry that must do the bidding. According to an unwritten law, it's not for the player to knock on the studio door for re-admittance. Hollywood regards that as a breach of etiquette and is cool in its reception.

A big-time come-back for a former star is by invitation only.

For proof of this, you have only to examine the list of talented folk from the yesterday who have become lost in to-day's casting files. They just do not get a break beyond a few days' work and maybe a line or two of dialogue to speak. Only a few, by request, are projected from the crowd.

Erich von Stroheim, the "man you love to hate" in such productions as "Foolish Wives" and "Wedding March," enjoyed a spectacular return to Hollywood fame when he portrayed Rommel in Paramount's "Five Graves to Cairo." Other important roles followed this come-back. But it took Hollywood to seek out Von Stroheim, who had been doing well in European pictures and later on the American stage in "Arsenic and Old Lace."

"Hi Diddle Diddle" revealed something of the fiery Pola Negri as silent fans knew her, although there was a lighter touch about her in this subject than in her previous movies.

The Gish sisters, once among the leaders of the silent screen, took to the New York stage years ago. Lillian came back recently as the wife of Richard Dix in "Man of the Family." Dorothy is about to be seen as Mrs. Otis Skinner in Paramount's "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," screen version of the Cornelia Otis Skinner-Emily Kimbrough story.

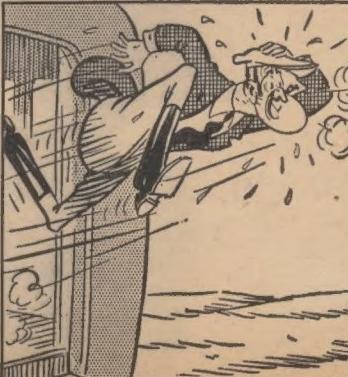
Aileen Pringle, the Elinor Glyn heroine of "Three Weeks," and other early films, had been devoting herself to writing when Hollywood summoned her to step in front of the camera again.

Few better "return" stories can be found than the one concerning Nils Asther. The Swedish actor left the film city long ago when he was still a star, and now he is back—again as a star. That does not often happen. Paramount has Asther under contract, and he will shortly be seen in the male lead of the Barre Lyndon stage hit, "The Man in Half Moon Street."

## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



Dick Gordon

# Good Morning

**THIS ENGLAND.** All along the Channel Coast the fishermen are looking to their nets again. When the little ports were made into fortresses against invasion the fishing boats were laid up. But now the sails are hoisted once more and the fleets stand out to their familiar fishing grounds. A scene on the foreshore at Hastings.



"OH ! THOSE  
GREAT BIG  
BEAUTIFUL  
EYES."

Lynn Bari seems to be saying "I've got my eye on you," which, after all, is fair enough, for we've certainly got our eye on this lovely 20th Century Fox star.



Recognise him ? Of course you do. It's Len Harvey, British ex-champion heavyweight, rehearsing while on leave from his R.A.F. duties. Seems fitting that the old champ should have a bull terrier for a pet.



"If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go, do you think I'd wallop him? No ! No ! No ! I'd say, now, now . . . come, come . . . dear, dear . . . tut, tut."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And I'd say  
'Giddup,' you  
lazy moke!"

